

RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

*S*emi-monthly Journal, *E*mbellished with *E*ngravings.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XX.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1844.

NUMBER 11.

A GENUINE LOAFER.



SPEAKING of loafers, we would observe that no genuine loafer ever wore a whole hat—it would disgrace him; either the rim or the crown should be gone—and if both, so much the better; if he wears a shirt, the bosom is open and the color not worth the mentioning; the coat is black, with one or two red or white patches, half a skirt, and one large brass button to hold on by. We'll omit the pants, and so descend to the feet gear, which com-

prise, or should comprise, a boot and a shoe—the first so small as only to admit the foot about three parts down, and the last so large as to go flap, flap, at every step—with the additional advantage of giving the five toes the benefit of a look-out in front. As to vest or stockings, they are among the great undreamt-ofs—for a genuine loafer could as soon find his way through the eye of a cambric needle, as into either the one or the other.—Then the hair

should look as if it would frighten the teeth out of a curry comb a mile off, and the face as stiffly dirty—as sternly independent of the liquid element, as if it had as great an aversion to the sight of water as a rabid dog.

But notwithstanding the picture we have drawn of him, the loafer of our affections is by no means a poor man;—quite the reverse, for he has all he wants—and if you give him any more, it is like encumbering a snail with a second shell—for he has no place to put it. In fact a genuine loafer is the most independent animal in the creation; he thinks of nothing—cares for nothing—takes trouble with the indifference of a religious Hindoo—enjoys all the good things that chance may throw in his way at the passing moment, and makes no more calculations regarding the prospects of to-morrow, than if “to-morrow” meant the day after the end of the world.

A loafer is a prig, but on a very small scale—for his organ of acquisitiveness never grasps at more than three cents at a time—and this is always expended for a glass of rum—(regular loafers always go Jamaica)—before the faculties of the aforesaid organs are again in operation. Thus, the speculations of a loafer are usually confined to small articles, which may go for a dram without much higgling—for beyond that, as we before observed, his ideas never carry him. In illustration of this important fact, we would observe, that on a late occasion a thorough blooded loafer made free with a Spanish cloak, which he sold to an apple woman for a shilling, wherewith he called for his allowance, left without taking his change—and on his subsequent examination at the police office, it was made sufficiently apparent that he didn't know that any amount of money was more than sufficient to cover the expense of a single drink. Thus three cents is the grand climax of a loafer's desires; but then, as he never dreams of such a thing as a pocket, this must go as soon as it comes, so that he is always open for a speculation.

Though loafers have been known to remove coats, hats, etc. from halls, it is by no means one of their usages, and it also bespeaks habits of industry on the part of the operator, which they heartily despise; but in the line of hooking mats, brooms, buckets, &c. from stoops, they stand unrivalled; while their mode of removing keys from front doors—which is the most brilliant effort of genius—has crowned them with everlasting honor.

It is really quite a refreshing spectacle to see a loafer hook a broom, or a bucket from a stoop of a summer's morning. When he comes within sight of his victim, he sets his shoulders in motion, something like a pig at a post, and moves cautiously forward with sundry efforts at appearing to look any way but the way his heart inclines him. Arrived at the object, he gives a furtive glance in the rear to see that the coast's clear—takes care that the servant girl can't be on him in less than a second and a half—and then makes tracks with the object of his affections. But whatever may be the result—detection or glory—he never condescends to run; he couldn't if he tried; nor would it be worth his while—for, having no pride, no shame, no taste, no feeling, to cater for, it is all the same to him whether he goes to the watch house, or his accustomed nook—the horn of Jamaica excepted.

TALES.

CARDILLAC, THE JEWELLER.

A Tale from the German of Wolffman.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

PART I.

—“Come seeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!”—*Macbeth*.

—“Nay, gentle lady,
The prime of Florence wait upon thy smiles,
Like sun-flowers on the golden light they love:
Thy lips have such sweet melody, 'tis sung upon
Till silence is an agony. Did it plead
For one condemned, but O, most innocent!
'Twould be music th' air would fall in love with
And never let it die, till it had won
Its honest purpose.”—*Fazio*.

In the Rue St. Honore, Paris, stood a small house, occupied by the Lady Magdalene de Seuderi, the favored friend of Louis XIV, and of Madame de Maintenon, and famed moreover for her romances and her charming verses, which were the admiration of the French court.

It was near midnight, in the autumn of the year 1680, when a knocking was heard at the door of this house so loud that the lower hall resounded. Pierre, the only male servant in the lady's little household, was gone from Paris, with the permission, to be present at the marriage of his sister, and it so happened that Martiniere, the maid, was this night the sole companion of her mistress. She was none of the most courageous, and sat trembling in her chamber listening to the repeated knocks, and thinking over all the tales of thieves and murderers her busy memory could supply. But the clamor at the door redoubled, and she could even distinguish a voice, whether in menace or supplication she could not tell. Fearful that her mistress might be awakened, the maid snatched up the light, and ran to the window that overlooked the entrance to the house. From there she distinctly heard a voice entreating admission in the most urgent manner.

“This is not the manner of robbers,” thought Martiniere. “Who knows but some unfortunate person, in peril of his life, has come to seek refuge here, knowing my mistress to be always ready to aid the distressed?” Therewith she threw open the window, and demanded who made such a noise at the door, at this late hour. She tried to disguise her voice, and assume the tones of a man.

By the faint light of the moon, through drifting

clouds, the maid discerned a tall figure, wrapped in a dark mantle, with a broad-brimmed hat pulled down closely over the face. She called aloud, as if to persons within the house, “Baptiste! Claude! Pierre!” to frighten the stranger if he had any nefarious designs; but the stranger replied in a gentle though melancholy tone:

“Ah, Martiniere, is that you? I know your voice well, however you strive to disguise it. I know, too, that Pierre is not at home, and that you are alone with your mistress. You have nothing to fear from me, be assured. But I must speak, and this moment with your lady.”

“You are mistaken,” cried the maid, “if you imagine my lady will speak with you at this late hour. She is sleeping; and on no account would I rouse her from the repose so necessary at her time of life.”

“I am aware,” replied the person below, “that your mistress, not long since, laid aside the manuscript of her new romance, to complete some verses which she is to-morrow to read to the Marquise de Maintenon. I conjure you, Martiniere, to have mercy upon me, and open the door. Your doing so may save a wretch from destruction. The honor, liberty, nay, the life of a human being hangs on the interview I must have this instant with your mistress. Consider, you will yourself incur her displeasure, when she learns that you drove from her door an unhappy being who sought her aid.”

“Come to-morrow morning,” said the maid.

Her voice betrayed her hesitation. The stranger answered quickly and bitterly:

“Does fate or the blasting lightning wait for convenient hours? Have I not told you, that salvation hangs on this moment? Can you refuse me help? Open the door; you have nothing to fear from a miserable wretch like me; I come only to implore succor, that I may be saved from impending ruin!”

Martiniere observed that these words were uttered in a tone of the deepest anguish, and interrupted by sobs; and that the voice was a youthful one. Her heart melted; and without further deliberation she descended the stairs and opened the door.

No sooner was the door open, than the stranger rushed in. The light held by Martiniere fell full, upon his face, which was that of a young man, pale as death, and bearing the marks of violent emotion.

“Lead me to your mistress!” he exclaimed, so wildly that the maid was ready to swoon with fright. His mantle had fallen back, and she saw the gleam of a dagger in his belt. Hastily ascending the stairs, up which he followed her, she closed the door of ante-room to the chamber of Madame de Seuderi, and placed herself firmly against it.

“Your behaviour within the house,” she said resolutely, though in a trembling voice, “does not at all agree with your humility without, which won my too ready sympathy. You shall not now speak with her ladyship. If you mean no ill, as you pretend, you can come to-morrow; now you must depart.”

The man sighed deeply, but looked fiercely at Martiniere, and grasped the handle of his weapon. She stood firm, returned his glance boldly, and pressed more closely against the door.

“Let me pass!” cried the stranger.

“I will not stir from this place,” answered the devoted maid, “do what you will. You can murder me; but your crime will, sooner or later, be expiated on the scaffold, where many of your companions in guilt have bled already.”

“You take me for a robber,” returned the youth, with flashing eyes and scornful smile—“and sooth I look like one at this moment; but my companions in guilt, I would have you know are not yet judged!”—and laughing wildly he drew his dagger. Martiniere prepared to receive the death stroke, when the clatter of horses' feet and the clash of weapons was heard in the street. “The guard! help, help!” cried she. But her mouth was stopped by the hand of the intruder. “Woman you would destroy me!” he exclaimed in a low, hoarse tone. “It is all over; take this—take it give it to your mistress to-night, to-morrow, when you will.” And he pressed a small casket into her hands, again enjoined her to let no one open it but her mistress, and snatching the light from her, extinguished it and hastened out of the house. Martiniere, confused and terrified, with difficulty, groped her way back to her chamber, where she sank fainting upon the bed. Not many minutes had elapsed, when she heard the hall door open, and light, stealthy steps ascend the stair and approach her apartment. She expected nothing less than the return of the fearful visitor, and it was no small comfort to her to see, by the light of a lantern, the face of Pierre. It was he who had returned earlier than he anticipated from his excursion. He had encountered in the street the patrol, and had been arrested, whence the clamor that had reached the ears of Martiniere. “I was well known to Desgrais, the marshal,” said Pierre, “and he ordered my release as soon as he brought his lantern to my face. I shall take care how I am caught out so late again. But just as I came up the steps a man wrapt in a mantle, with a drawn dagger in his hand rushed past me and escaped. I found the door unlocked. What does this mean?”

Martiniere related what had happened, and showed the casket. Pierre agreed with her in deciding that the intruder had some evil intent. “A watchful providence,” said he, “has this night saved our gracious lady from robbery—perhaps from murder. My counsel about the casket, Martiniere, is that we throw it into the Seine. Who knows that it is not filled with poison, intended to kill her ladyship when she opens it, as did the letter, written in an unknown hand, the Marquis de Tournay?” After long deliberation, the two faithful domestics resolved in the morning to inform their mistress of all that had passed, and to express to her their suspicions in regard to the mysterious casket, so that she should not open it without warning.

Their apprehensions were not without sufficient grounds. Paris had been for some time the scene of unparalleled atrocities, the progress of which had been arrested only by the most severe proceedings on the part of the authorities.

Glaster, a German chemist, had been much celebrated for his success in the pursuit of natural science, and was thought by the people to excel in the mysteries of alchemy. He was assisted by an Italian named Exili, who displayed great desire to acquire a thorough knowledge of his art. But the assistant was not so eager in his researches after the philosopher's stone, or the universal elixir, as in the manufacture of subtle poisons. He succeeded in distilling several, and at last, cautiously as his labours were carried on, became an object of suspicion, and was sent to the Bastille. In the same apartment was confined the Captain Godin de Saint Croix. This man, of violent passions, without principle, vindictive, ambitious and reckless, was a fit pupil of the Italian chemist; and to him

he disclosed the secrets which were to give him power over the lives of his enemies. Released ere long from the Bastile, he began to put his terrible art into practice.

The Marquise de Brinvillier, with whom Saint Croix had been connected in a disgraceful intrigue, became his pupil in these fearful mysteries, and in wickedness soon went even beyond him. Several members of her own family were the first victims of poison, and it seemed as if the thirst for blood increased with its gratification. The sudden death of many poor persons in the Hotel Dieu awakened at length the suspicion that the food sent them weekly by the Marquise was poisoned; and some guests of hers died after having banqueted at her house. Saint Croix remained unsuspected for some time, but Heaven had prepared a just retribution for him. The poison he distilled was so subtle that the smallest quantity of the fine powder (*poudre de succession* it was called) inhaled into the nostrils was sufficient to cause instant death. He wore, for his own security, a glass mask while at his work. One day, as he was poring the powder just prepared into a phial, the mask fell and was shivered into fragments. At the same moment Croix sank lifeless to the ground, the victim of his own diabolical art. As he left no heirs, government took possession of his effects, and placed them all under seal. In his laboratory was found all the implements and materials used in preparing poisons, and also letters from the Marquise de Brinvillier, which left no doubt of her guilt. She fled to Liege and sought shelter in a cloister. Desgrais, an officer of the *connetable*, was sent after her. Disguised as a priest, he entered the cloister, and succeeded in persuading the wicked woman, with whom he pretended to be in love to grant him a private interview in a garden without the confines of the sacred walls. There his men seized upon her; she was placed in a carriage and borne to Paris. Soon after, she was beheaded, with one of her accomplices; her body was reduced to ashes, and the ashes scattered to the four winds.

Paris had not a long breathing space, ere it seemed evident that the spectre was abroad again, and more destructive than ever. Many were the victims; scarce a dwelling was thought safe from the secret destroyer. The public alarm rose to a pitch of phrenzy. But the murderers baffled all the efforts of the police to discover and punish them. To put an end to this frightful state of things, the King instituted a new court of justice, and invested it with powers for the exclusive purpose of inquiring into, detecting, and punishing these secret crimes. This court was called the *Chambre Ardente*. La Regnie was its president, and the sittings were held not far from the Bastile.

With such a president, and the cunning Desgrais for an officer, the most vigorous measures adopted for the detection of criminals were shortly successful. In the Fauburg St. German lived an old woman named La Voisine, a fortune-teller and conjurer by profession, who had with the assistance of her companions, Le Sage and Le Vigoureux, obtained a sway over the minds of the superstitious populace. She was found to be Exili's pupil and to have been in the habit of preparing poisons, which she sold for high prices to those who came to purchase. Desgrais discovered her practices; she made a free confession, and was condemned by the *Chambre Ardente* to be burned at the stake. In her house was found a list of the persons who

had availed themselves of her assistance; and in consequence of this, it not only happened that execution after execution took place, but suspicion rested on persons of high dignity. Cardinal Bonzy was thought, through means of La Voisine, to have shortened the lives of several persons to whom as Archbishop of Narbonne, he was obliged to pay pensions. The Countess of Soissons, the Duchess de Bouillon, and even Henri de Montmorenci, whose names were found on the list, were also accused; but the fault of the latter consisted only in his having applied to the old woman to write his horoscope.

Certain it is, that the blind zeal of President La Regnie led to the commission of many cruelties. The tribunal took the character of the Inquisition; the slightest suspicion was sufficient to warrant severe imprisonment; and in many cases, after execution, accident brought to light the innocence of the sufferers. The person and demeanor of La Regnie were forbidding in the extreme; and these, with his character for severity, soon procured the dislike even of the people whose avenger and protector he declared himself. The Duchess de Bouillon, when asked by him on trial if she had ever seen the devil, answered, "methinks I have him now before my eyes."

While the scaffold streamed with blood of legal victims, the crime of poisoning or poison-vending became less and less frequent. But there arose another dark and secret destroyer, which threatened to become as formidable. A band of robbers appeared to have been organized, with the object of obtaining possession of all valuable jewels. Precious stones disappeared, though carefully locked up, in the most inscrutable manner. Many persons who wore jewels about their persons were assaulted at night in the streets, struck down, and robbed—in some cases murdered. Several, whose lives were spared, deposed that they had been knocked down with a sudden blow on the head, and on recovering sense found themselves in another place than that where they had fallen. The murdered victims had all the same wound, a dagger thrust through the heart, which probably had produced instant death. These murders became terribly frequent. About the luxurious court of Louis XIV, what young cavalier was there who had not a fair one to propitiate, or a mistress to visit, to whom he wished to carry some acceptable ornament! Sometimes the treasure was rifled from him on his way to the person for whom it was intended; once the corpse of the lover was found at the door of his beloved.

In vain Argenson, the minister of the police, did his utmost—in vain La Regnie was enraged and sought to compel confessions from prisoners in his power—in vain new guards and patrols were appointed—no trace of the robbers was discovered. It was also not remarkable that nothing could be found of the jewels taken, though strict search was instituted in all places where they were likely to be offered for sale or barter. As if still more to baffle suspicion, it was observed that the quarter of the city where crime had been most frequent, and where Desgrais was stationed, was exempt from disturbance; while in that where all had been unmolested hitherto, the robbers found their richest spoils. Desgrais resorted to the expedient of choosing officers to occupy his place, as like him in personal appearance as possible, and called by his much dreaded name, and sending them to the principle streets, while he himself, at the risk of his life, lurked in corners and by-ways, alone, and followed at a dis-

tance any passer-by who happened to be well dressed or to wear jewels. But even this stratagem was unsuccessful.

One morning Desgrais came to La Regnie pale and agitated. "You have news?" cried the President eagerly—"you have found trace of them?" "Last night," answered the breathless official, "not far from the Louvre, the Marquis de la Fare was struck down in my presence." The president started up with joy—"We have them!" exclaimed he. "Hear me out first," said Desgrais with a bitter smile. "I was walking near the Louvre; a figure passed without seeing me, walking with unsteady steps, and glancing round every moment. By the light of the lamp I recognized the Marquis de la Fare, and guessed in what direction he was going. He was about dozen paces in advance of me, when a figure sprang as it were out of the earth and fell upon him. In my first surprise, eager only to secure the assailant, I cried out and rushed to lay hold upon him. My feet were entangled in my mantle, and I fell down. Springing to my feet the next instant, I saw the robber flying as on the wings of the wind. I pursued—I blew my horn—I was answered by the whistle of the guard—and presently the street was alive with men and horses. "This way, this way, for Desgrais!" I shouted, and ran on, never losing sight of the pursued, though he dodged and made several turns to escape me. I followed him into the street Nicaise; his strength appeared to fail him—I redoubled my exertions—he had not more than fifteen paces the start of me—"

"You seized him, you held him fast—the guard came to your help?" cried La Regnie, seizing the arm of Desgrais, as if he had been the robber.

"Fifteen paces before me," continued the officer. "The man sprang from before me into the deep shadow of the wall, and vanished."

"Vanished, through the wall?"

"Exactly so."

"You are raving!" exclaimed La Regnie, as he stepped backward, and struck his hands together with a gesture of despair.

"You may call me a madman," continued Desgrais, rubbing his forehead as one just waked from a sleep, "or a fool: it happened exactly as I tell you. I stood breathless before the wall, and around me the men who had pursued the robber; among them the Marquis de la Fare, his drawn sword in his hand. We lighted torches—we examined the wall—not a trace of window, door or opening was to be found. It is a high, well-built stone wall, and encloses on one side a house where an old couple live, to whom not the slightest suspicion can possibly attach. I have been over the premises again this morning, and my opinion is that the person who has baffled us is the devil himself!"

The story of Desgrais was soon known over Paris, and the superstitious alarm of the people easily induced them to believe that the words he uttered in bitter jest were accurately true. The heads of the populace were full of magic and diablery, and it may well be conceived that the details of the story were exaggerated into the marvellous. A pamphlet, containing an account of the demon apparition, his rising out of the earth, and his disappearance in the same manner before the eyes of the affrighted Desgrais, was published, embellished with wood cuts, and had an immense sale, striking terror to the hearts of those who read it, and even intimidating the guards, whose business

it was to protect the city. Several of the *gend'armes* provided themselves with amulets dipped in holy water.

Much concerned at this state of things, Argenson went to the King and petitioned for the appointment of a new court, invested with powers even larger than the *Chambre Ardente*, for the detection and punishment of the offenders. Louis was already convinced that the *Chambre Ardente* had exercised too many cruelties; and, distrustful as he was of the discretion of the over-zealous La Regnie, rejected the petition.

Another method was resorted to, to induce him to reconsider the matter. The king usually spent his afternoons in the apartments of Madame de Maintenon, where his ministers often met him and remained till late in the evening. One day, while there, a poetical petition was presented to him, written in the name of some distressed lover, who wished to carry a valuable present to his mistress, but was afraid of the invisible robbers. To Louis, the polar star of love and gallantry, whose beams could enlighten the darkest night, the embarrassed poet and lover appealed; beseeching him, by the might of his dauntless arm, to crush his secret foes, as did Hercules the serpent, or Theseus the Minotaur. The poem was artfully contrived to excite the King's attention, from what was said of the secret danger, as well as the labored panegyric on the monarch with which it concluded. Louis read it through attentively, and turning to Maintenon, without removing his eyes from the paper, read it aloud to her; then smiling, asked her what she thought of the request of the endangered lover. The marquise replied, half in jest as was her wont, that the wanderer in secret ways on errands forbidden deserved, in sooth, little protection, but that doubtless vigorous measures ought to be adopted for the detection of criminals. Dissatisfied with this reply, the King folded the paper and was going to hand it to the secretary who was writing in the adjoining apartment, when his eyes fell on Mlle de Scuderi, who had just taken her accustomed seat near Maintenon. Turning toward her, he said playfully:

"The Marquise knows little of the gallantry of our noble gentlemen, and chooses to parry me with her 'forbidden errands'—in sooth any thing but forbidden! What think you, my fair Scuderi, of this poetical complaint?"

Scuderi rose from her seat and answered, with a grateful courtesy and a slight blush:

"Un amant qui craint les voleurs n'est point digne d'amour."

"By St. Denys, you are right!" cried Louis, throwing down the petition. "You are right. I will have no blind proceedings, that level the innocent with the guilty! Argenson and La Regnie must be content!"

* * * * *

All the terrors of the popular superstition were present to the mind of Martiniere, as she related next morning to her mistress what had passed, and with trembling hands delivered to her the mysterious casket. Pierre stood in the corner, pale, and hardly able to speak, and wringing his hands; while the maid besought her lady to use every possible precaution in opening the casket. Scuderi said, smiling, "You are a couple of geese! Who wants to kill me? I am not rich; I have no treasures worth the trouble of robbery, and that every body knows. Who wishes to harm an aged lady

who has nothing to do with rogues or murderers except in her romances; who provokes no one's envy—lives quietly aloof from the world; who has nothing to leave behind her except the moderate effects of a lone dame and a few well-bound volumes? You may paint your last night's visitor as terrible as you will, Martiniere; I cannot believe he had any evil purpose."

She took up the casket—the two attendants stepped back—Pierre sank on one knee, while his lady pressed hard a steel spring, and the lid flew open.

In the casket lay a pair of gold bracelets, richly adorned with jewels, and a necklace, similarly ornamented, all of rare splendour. The vain Montespan had never such! Scuderi smiled, for what were such baubles to her? She took from beneath them a folded note, in which she expected to find the solution of the mystery. She read the note and grew pale—it fell from her trembling hands, and raising her eyes towards heaven, she sank back in her seat. Pierre and Martiniere sprang to her help. Mlle de Scuderi burst into tears, and sobbing exclaimed, "Is this my punishment? Are words uttered half in jest to be thus brought to me laden with fearful meaning? Am I, who have lived in innocence and peace from childhood, in my old age to be suspected of a league with crime?"

The good lady put her handkerchief to her eyes and wept still more, while Martiniere picked up the paper and read it in obedience to a sign from her. It ran thus:

"Un amant qui craint les voleurs n'est point digne d'amour."

"Your ingenious wit, most honored lady, has saved us—who appropriate treasures that would otherwise be wasted on improper objects—from troublesome persecution. Accept these ornaments as a token of our gratitude. They are the most valuable we have to offer, though you, admired lady, are adorned by far more inestimable jewels. We entreat that your gracious remembrance and friendship may never be withdrawn from

THE INVISIBLE."

"Is it possible," repeated Scuderi, as her maid read the billet, "that shameful wickedness can be carried so far?" The sun was shining through the curtains of crimson silk, and the gems on the table flashed with a brilliancy intolerable to the eyes; she placed her hands before her face, and commanded Martiniere to replace them in the casket. The faithful maid, as she closed the lid, suggested that it would be proper to send the jewels to the minister of the police, and inform him of the circumstances under which they came into her possession.

The lady rose and paced her chamber awhile, in much agitation, while deliberating what to do. At last she sent Pierre to fetch a carriage, and directed her maid to dress her as expeditiously as possible. She then proceeded to the Marquise de Maintenon. It was an hour at which she knew the Marquise would be alone, and she took the casket with her.

Great was the surprise of Maintenon when her friend entered her apartment pale and trembling, and with her usual dignity of demeanour. "What has happened?—tell me, I entreat you!" she exclaimed, as she led the agitated lady to a seat, and strove to calm her disquietude. At length Scuderi composed herself sufficiently to relate the whole, at the same time expressing the anguish she felt that so dreadful a consequence should have followed the playful words she had uttered in presence of the King.

Maintenon thought the cruel jest of the robbers not worth being grieved about, but requested to see their present. She took the bracelets and necklace from the casket, and examined them at the window, with expressions of admiration at their extraordinary magnificence. The jewels shone with intense lustre in the sunshine; they were rare and beautiful, and the workmanship of the gold exquisitely fine; only the hand of a master had joined so perfectly the delicate links of the small chain.

After a moment the Marquise turned to her friend and said, "These bracelets and necklace are the work of no other person than Rene Cardillac!" Cardillac was the most skillful goldsmith and jeweler, not only in Paris, but of that time. He was intimately acquainted with the nature of precious stones, and it was notorious that even ordinary jewels set by him, displayed a lustre unobserved before. He was an enthusiast in his business; at first undertook all orders with alacrity, and usually demanded a price so small as hardly to bear proportion to his labour. This was remarkable, as it was well known that he spared no pains, but wrought by day light and lamp-light; and often, when his work was nearly finished, would undo it all and begin anew, to make some trifling alteration. His taste was exquisite, and he suffered no work of his to go abroad that did not please his fastidious taste; so that every thing he executed was a masterpiece, exciting the curiosity and admiration of all who saw it. With all this care for his reputation as an artist, he was extremely capricious, and would often delay the fulfilment of orders from week to week, and from month to month. In vain would his customers offer to double his price—not a louis more would Cardillac take than what he had stipulated for; and if prevailed upon by importunity to finish in haste, he showed every mark of displeasure and vexation. It had also been noticed, that if he had on hand a piece of work on which it was necessary to bestow much care, because of the value of the gems or the delicacy of the workmanship, he always showed an excessive degree of disquietude and ill-temper, walking restlessly about, execrating himself, his business, and all about him, as if supposing that all the professional character he had acquired was now at stake. Orders of less importance were readily undertaken, and with apparent good humour, particularly when unlimited confidence was reposed in his taste and judgment; but not unfrequently, when the owner came to receive his ornaments at the stipulated time, and to pay what was demanded, it chanced that he found Cardillac moody and sullen, and was disappointed by delay. Sometimes, after having engaged to complete a piece of work, he would, without assigning any reason, entreat to be released from his promise. The King and several persons in high rank had in vain solicited him to work for them. Except in very few instances, he had refused, and of late had declined all orders from the court, and even from Madame de Maintenon unmoved by offers of large sums in payment.

The eccentric character of this man was represented in his person. He was below the middle height, but broad-shouldered and muscular in frame, retaining though he was past fifty, all the vigour and elasticity of youth. The strength of his physical constitution was apparent in marked features, and his thick crisp locks. His personal appearance was any thing but prepossessing; his small, deep-set, restless eyes had an expression of cunning

and suspicion that might have produced an unfavorable impression, but that Cardillac was universally known in Paris as an honorable man, open-hearted and disinterested, and always ready to help those in want.

"I will venture any thing," said the Marquise, "that if I were to send for Cardillac to examine these jewels, he would refuse to come, for fear of receiving an order. Yet I am told though for some time he pretended to withdraw from business, that he now labors more diligently than ever, and executes orders—with grumbling, however, as usual."

Seuderi, who wished nothing so much as to restore the treasure to its rightful owner, suggested that it would be as well to send word to Master Cardillac that the Marquise only wanted his opinion upon certain gems. This message was sent him, and in a short space of time the jeweller was announced.

Cardillac seemed surprised at seeing M^{lle} de Seuderi; he bowed courteously to her, and then turned to the Marquise. Madame de Maintenon pointed to the bracelets and necklace on the table, and asked if they were not his work. Cardillac glanced at them, then hastily replaced them in the box and closed the lid. With a smile, coloring deeply at the same time, he replied to the Marquise: "Indeed, your ladyship, Cardillac's workmanship must be little known if any one could suppose for an instant that those ornaments were wrought by any other jeweller. They are of course my work."

"Tell us then," said the Marquise, "for whom were they made?"

"For myself alone," answered Cardillac. "You think it strange"—observing the surprise exhibited by both ladies—"but I assure you it is so. Such workmanship only I bestow on my best stones, and these were set with unusual care. A short time ago I lost those ornaments out of my workshop, and have never been able to find who took them from me."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Seuderi, rising from her seat and approaching the jeweller. "Here, master Rene, are your lost jewels—take them again." And she told how they came into her possession. Cardillac heard her out in silence, now and then only passing his hand across his forehead, and stroking his chin. When the lady had ended he seemed lost in thought for some moments. At length he took up the casket, and kneeling on one knee, presented it to M^{lle} Seuderi. "Fate has appointed it to you, noble lady," said he. "I remember now, that while I was at work at it, it was of you I thought. Despire not my gift—accept it as a token of my reverent esteem." "Nay, master Rene," answered Seuderi, "such ornaments would be very unsuitable for my age. And what have I done for you, that you should make me so rich a present? Go, Master Rene—if I were as young and handsome as the Marquise de Fontagne, and rich, too, I might keep the jewels. But me they would not become."

But Cardillac insisted. "Take them as a favor to me, gracious lady," said he. "You know not how deep is my reverence for your distinguished virtues; do not mortify me by refusing the small tribute of my admiration." Seuderi was still inclined to be inexorable; but Maintenon took the casket from the jeweller's hand, and said, "Now I pray you, Magdalene, say no more of your years. What have you and I to do with time? Do not

refuse the good Master Rene; but accept with thanks a present that, I warrant me, money could never obtain from him."

Cardillac rose, apparently much gratified, kissed the hand of M^{lle} de Seuderi, and with an obeisance to the Marquise, left the apartment. "In the name of the saints, what ails the man?" cried Seuderi. Maintenon burst into a musical laugh and said, "Do you not see, Magdalene, the man is desperately enamored of you, and is laying siege to your heart after the most approved fashion?" The poetess looked grave, but could not withstand the gay humor of her friend, who rallied her mercilessly upon her new admirer. Madame de Maintenon concluded by offering her services as dressing-maid on occasion of the bridal, if such an event should take place, and the benefit of her experience in all housewifely duties.

Seuderi bore this good-humoredly, but looked sad as she rose to take leave of her friend. "I will take these jewels with me," said she, "but never wear them. They have been in the hands of that terrible band of robbers, and the blood of the murdered seems to cleave to them. And the behavior of Cardillac, I must confess it, seems not a little strange to me. I cannot divest myself of the apprehension that behind all lurks some dreadful mystery; and though I may do injustice by connecting it with the excellent master Rene, it is not quite clear to me that he has nothing to do with it. At any rate, I could never bring myself to wear the ornaments."

The Marquise laughed at her friend's fears and said she carried her scruples too far; but when Seuderi asked her seriously what she would do in her circumstances, she was obliged to confess she would make the same resolution, and rather throw the ornaments into the Seine than wear them.

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

SUBSTANTIAL HAPPINESS.

The whole theory of a correct code of the physical as well as moral government of mankind, instituted by God in the creation, can be properly reduced to those few words: *man should pursue his own substantial happiness*. He who makes this the guide of his life, and understands the principles in it involved, will escape most of the ills to which human flesh is heir, and secure for himself an "inheritance incorruptible, and that fadeth not away." In it is locked up the treasure that unfolds to mortal eye the riches of life—points out the pathway to the attainment of that which alone makes existence a blessing, and gives, even here, a foretaste of the enjoyment of eternal felicity.

The physical constitution of man is so constructed, that when none of the laws by which it is governed in its operation, are violated, man is in a state of health, and capable of enjoying the blessings by which he is surrounded, to the extent of his capacity. Hence the pains of disease and of premature death are the punishments consequent upon the infringement of the organic laws, and are doubtless intended in the wisdom of the Creator to teach us the necessity of obeying them. Death is certain and unavoidable; when the powers of the system become relaxed and finally destroyed by old age; but when the final separation takes place, the frame is not tortured, and the soul pierced,

"As if a heart were rent in twain, by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart, to send forth its peculiar woe;"

but is more allied to that period, when the body refreshed by sleep, rests from the fatigue consequent upon the labors and toils of the day. He who pursues his own substantial happiness will study into the organic laws of his own nature—become conversant with the operation of the complicated machinery of the human system, and pursue such a course of conduct in reference thereto, as will preserve them from violation. The necessity of this course will be readily seen, understood and appreciated, when it is known that disease to a greater or less extent must inevitably follow in the steps of such violation.

So with the moral government; every transgression is sure to be followed by a punishment commensurate therewith, as that the transgression itself takes place. A penalty is the result, and pain is the means instituted for its payment. Hence he who pursues his own substantial happiness will study to know himself, and be zealous to square his conduct by the great rules which have been established for his moral government, and for the moral government of the universe. They are not abstruse in their character, nor diversified in their application, but easily to be understood—the same to-day, yesterday, and forever. Conscience, that secret working agent—the medium through which the character of the deed is fixed, and impressed upon the mind, will tell the story of man's sufferings, and indicate the operation of the machinery within. It is the touchstone, by which human actions are tried—the judge and jury, by which man is condemned or acquitted.

Happiness is the great end and aim of every individual. The employments in which they are engaged are diversified, and the objects which they are endeavoring, more immediately to attain, are, it is true, miscellaneous; but these are mere *secondary*, and are grasped after, only so far, as they are supposed to subserve the purpose, of attaining the *primary* and universal object—happiness. This being so, the avenues that lead to the attainment of so desirable an object, may be profitably studied, that all may be gathered into the capacious fountain of human enjoyment.

After having obtained all that imagination could fancy, or human ingenuity contrive, to render the situation of man what it should be in this world, the lack of one essential ingredient in this cup of life destroys its value, and deranges every current that flows. This is Contentment.

Whatever may be the situation of men in regard to this world, whatever their lot, unless they are contented, they cannot be happy. Possessed of all that this world of itself can afford—laden with all the honors that it can confer, all, all, are the poorest offerings compared to the invaluable prize of contentment. Paradise were the dungeon of the vilest slave, and Heaven itself the very prison-house of despair without it. In the habitation of the humble peasant, or the shepherd's cot, where man enjoys only that for which he toils, where the lovely wife, the infantile satellites, and the happy husband, form the joyous group—this is not a stranger to happiness—this is the abode of contentment. It is not in that habitation, where its inmates roll in the lap of luxury, and bask in the sunshine of plenty, of pleasure and of ease, that we find the abode of contentment and happiness, but it is where man, in

accordance with the divine injunction, "eats his bread in the sweat of his face," studies the economy of God, and in endeavoring to promote the harmony of his laws, pursues his own substantial happiness.

MILO.

Ghent, January, 1844.

BIOGRAPHY.



LADY RACHEL RUSSEL.

LADY RACHEL RUSSEL was the second daughter of the earl of Southampton, and widow of Lord Vaughan. In 1667, she was united to Lord William Russel, one of the martyrs of liberty, and for sixteen years they enjoyed uninterrupted felicity. On his trial she assisted him in taking notes. She survived him forty years, but constantly refused to enter again into the marriage state. She died, at the age of eighty-seven, in 1723. Lady Russel was a woman of unaffected piety and an excellent understanding. Her letters have been often reprinted.

MISCELLANY.

TEN REASONS FOR PAYING YOUR DEBTS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REASONS.

1. The Christian member of society pays his debts, first, because he is ordered to do so in the Bible, where we are told to "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's;" and to "Owe no man any thing."

2. The Christian would strictly observe the eighth commandment "Thou shalt not steal; and defrauding a man of his due is stealing; for the tradesmen *lends* upon faith an honor, and does not *give*."

3. The Christian pays promptly all he owes from a motive of justice and benevolence; he wishes to love and succor his neighbor, and will not be instrumental in the ruin of others.

THE PATRIOT'S REASONS.

4. The patriot knows that one act of justice is worth six of charity—that justice helps the worthy, and corrects the unworthy, while charity too often succors but the latter.

5. The patriot considers the evil that ensues from the more wealthy man leaving his poorer neighbor unpaid; that by that means the steps of the great ladder of society are broken; the first ruin beginning with the merchant, who can no longer pay his workman, and continuing to the workman's child, who is deprived of clothes, food, or instruction.

6. The patriot pays his debts for a love of his country, knowing that the system of non-payment, pursued to a certain extent, would bring a general bankruptcy on the nation.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD'S REASONS.

7. The man of the world pays his debts, because he is convinced that honesty is the best policy.

8. The man of worldly calculations is aware that by the immediate payment of his debts as fast as they are incurred, he purchases peace of mind, se-

cures the confidence of all, and become acquainted with his income, his means, and resources.

9. The man of the world wishes for a comfortable old age, and knows that he has little chance for it if he is cumbered with debt.

10. The man of the world knows the full force of being "an honest man"—that it will carry him through the world prosperous and respected; and that he cannot lay claim to that name if he neglects to pay his debts.

A CHAPTER ON BOOTS.

BY A CORDWAINER.

EVERY man that has a *SOLE* generally wears boots, and some boots *LAST* longer than others. This is a fact which *AWL* will admit. A tight boot is apt to create a *SHOOTING* pain through the foot; but has never been known to produce a *STITCH* in the *SIDE*. The *SKIN* has sometimes been bruised, and the *NAILS* have been made to grow into the flesh; but these difficulties have been removed by applying the *HEELING* remedies. It is always best to have a fair *UNDERSTANDING* with your cobbler—and a man who has the reputation of being *TIGHT* would not be considered a *FIT* person to buy of. Should you chance to come across one of this description, and he should try to *RUMP* you, it would do no good to *BRISTLE* up too him; but merely *TAP* him on the shoulder in a friendly way, and he will no be so likely to *RIP* out. A good customer is always able to "*TOE* the mark," and he who is willing to *FOOT* his bills, will find that the cobbler is not unwilling to foot his boots. If I am *RIGHT* in the above remarks, there is nothing *LEFT* but to say *SEW*.

AN EASY TEMPERED MAN.

WE were much amused by a story told of a stuttering man not many leagues from "Vermont," who unfortunately became possessed of a pair of "breachy" cattle. He offered them for sale, but such was their reputation for tearing down and getting over fences, that nobody wished to buy. At length a stranger came to look at them and enquiring into their dispositions, was told by the owner that they never "*t-t-t*" troubled him in any way."

Satisfied with the price, the stranger purchased and paid down for them. It was not long before he returned and claimed damages.

"They tear down my best fences," said he.

"I th-th-think it qu-qu-quite likely," replied the seller, coolly.

"And I understand that they served you in the same way."

"I sh-sh-should think they did."

"But," exclaimed the indignant purchaser, "didn't you tell me they never troubled you in any way?"

"To be s-s-su-shure I did," answered the other; "the f-f-fact is, I never let s-s-such things trouble me."

A TOUCHING NARRATIVE.

AN eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation, and a wonder was expressed that he had never married. "That wonder," said Miss P——, "was once expressed to the reverend gentleman in my hearing, and he told me a story, in answer, which I will tell you; and perhaps, slight as it may seem, it is the history of other hearts as sensitive and delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination he preached, once every Sabbath, for a clergyman in a small village not twenty

miles from London. Among his auditors from Sunday to Sunday, he observed a young lady who always occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as service was over, and it so chanced that he went on for a year without knowing her name; but his sermon was never written without many a thought how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sundays; but the weeks slipped on; and though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never brought himself to the resolution either to ask her name or speak with her. By these silent steps, however, love had worked into his heart; and he made up his mind to seek her acquaintance and marry her, when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, till he had learned to make it a part of his religion and life. He was unable to perform the service, and another clergyman present officiated; and after she was buried, her father took him aside and begged his pardon for giving him pain, but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid that a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. 'since that time,' said the clergyman in question, 'my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward only when I shall speak to her in heaven.'"—*Uncle Sam*.

ALPHABET OF RULES.

A TTEND well to your business.

B e punctual in your payments.

C onsider well before you promise.

D are to do right.

E nvy no man.

F aithfully perform your duty.

G o not in the paths of vice.

H ave respect for your character.

I nfringe on no one's right.

K now thyself.

L ie not.

M ake few acquaintances.

N ever profess what you do not practice.

O ccupy your time in usefulness.

P ostpone nothing that you can well do.

Q uarrel not with your neighbor.

R ecompense every one for his labor now.

S ave something against a day of trouble.

T reat every man with kindness.

U se yourself to moderation.

V ilify no person's reputation.

W atchfully guard against idleness.

'X amine your conduct daily.

Z ealously pursue the right path.

HELP! HELP!!

WHEN Dick Ainz first crossed into York State from the Canada side, he took lodgings at an inn in Canandaigua. A waiting maid sat at table with them, and Dick spoke of her as the *servant*, to the no small scandal of mine host, who told him that in his house servants were called *help*. Very well—next morning the whole house was alarmed by a loud shouting from Dick of "Help! help! water! water! help!" In an instant every person in the inn equal to the task rushed into Dick's

room, with a pail of water. "I'm much obliged to ye, to be sure," said Dick, "but here is more than I want to shave with!" "Shave with!" quoth mine host, "you called 'help!' and 'water!' and we thought the house was on fire." "Ye told me to call the servant 'help?' and do ye think I would cry water when I meant fire?" "Give it up," said the landlord, as he led off the line of buckets.

THE SAILOR'S HARDSHIPS.

A good one is told by an English paper, of an old lady who had received a letter from her son, a sailor on board a merchantman, which run thus:—

"Have been driven into the Bay of Funday by a pamposa right in teeth. It blowed great guns, and we carried away the bowsprit; a heavy sea washed overboard the binnacle and companion; the captain lost his quadrant, and couldnt take an observation for fifteen days; at last we arrived safe at Halifax."

The old woman, who could not read herself, got a neighbor to repeat it three or four times, until she thought she had got it by heart; she then galled out to tell the story.

"Oh, my poor son!"

"Why what's the matter, mother—I hope no mischief?"

"O, thank the Lord he's safe—but he has been driven into the Bay of Firmament by a bamboozle right in the teeth—it blowed great guns, and they carried away the pulpit, a heavy sea washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his conjuration, and couldnt get any salvation for fifteen days—at last they arrived at Hallelujah."

"La, bless! what a wonder they wasn't beat to atoms. Well I wouldn't be a sailor."

ADVICE TO SUNDRY PEOPLE.

WHEN your passions are rising, never confine or repress them. How many boilers have been burst by too close imprisonment of their contents.

Always proclaim the faults of others. There should be no secrets in a republican government.

Never give up your opinion though you know you are wrong; it shows you have no independence.

Whenever you attack your neighbor's character, do it behind his back; so as not to wound his feelings.

Make it a rule to keep company with rogues and rascals, and then if you should be prosecuted for an offence you have committed, and your comrades should be called as witnesses against you, nobody will believe them and so you will get clear.

Never forgive an injury. The exercise of the pardoning power belongs to the Governor and Council.

When you have done an act of charity publish it to others, so that they may do so too. Besides, every man can preach best from his own notes.

Never pay your debts—it is unconstitutional; for payment impairs the obligation of a contract, and even the Legislature has no right to do that.

Temperance is a great virtue; therefore always be moderate in the use of ardent spirits. Six glasses of sling before breakfast are as good as a thousand.

If a secret has been committed to you to keep, take special care to keep it safely; and it may be well for caution's sake to get one or two to help you. And as woman is called the "weaker vessel," she should have half a dozen to help her.

Never sweep your parlor—it makes a confounded dust.

Never brush down a cobweb; it is a part of a spider's dwelling house, and his castle, and therefore is sacred.

FLEAS.—When the late Lord Erskine, then going the circuit, was asked by his landlord in the morning how he had slept, replied—"Union is strength—a fact of which some of your inmates seem to be un-awares, for had the fleas been unanimous last night, they might have lifted me out of bed." "Fleas!" exclaimed Boniface, affecting great astonishment—"I was not aware that I had a single one in my house." "I don't believe you have," retorted his lordship—"they are all married, and have uncommon large families!"

A FRENCH priest, who was exceedingly corpulent coming late one evening to a fortified town, asked a countryman whom he met, "If he could get in at the gate?" "I should think you might," replied the peasant, surveying his proportions, "for I saw a load of hay go in this morning."

KEEN.—"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient, "that you think me a fool?" "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1844.

COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.—We have been favored with the first number of the "Columbian Magazine." It is published at New-York by Israel Post, No. 3 Astor-House, and edited by John Inman. The first number commences with the present month. It will be published the first day of every month, at three dollars per annum. The number that is before us is neat in its appearance and filled with entertaining and instructive matter; it is embellished with three beautiful engravings and a colored plate of fashions. In each number there will be two pages of music, original or judiciously selected by competent professors of the art, and each number will also contain two or more engravings after such artists as Chapman, Ingham, Inman and Osgood, together with the most popular writers of the day, such as Miss E. Leslie, Sigourney, Sedgwick, Embury, H. F. Gould, T. S. Arthur, N. P. Willis, G. P. Morris, &c. With such contributors the "Columbian Magazine" cannot fail of becoming a particular favorite with the public.

Opinions of the Press, &c.

RURAL REPOSITORY.—This is an old and highly respectable literary journal, having reached its 20th volume, published at Hudson, Col. Co. N. Y. by W. B. Stoddard. The last number has been forwarded to us. It is issued semi-monthly, at the low price of \$1 per year. For neatness of typography, appropriate selections, and vigorous original matter, it is not surpassed by any of the literary works of the day. A specimen number may be seen at this office, where subscriptions will be received.—*Fulton County Republican, Johnstown, N. Y.*

The "RURAL REPOSITORY," published at Hudson, N. Y. by Wm. B. Stoddard, is a beautiful periodical, and "as cheap as dirt." The Repository is published every other Saturday, in quarto form of eight pages—three columns on a page. It is devoted to polite literature, and as an evidence of its value, it has reached its twentieth volume. This little semi-monthly is decidedly the neatest printed periodical that comes to this office. It contains a variety of useful and interesting matter, both original and selected. Terms—single copy \$1; 4 copies for \$3. Reader you ought to subscribe for it.—*Messenger, Asherville, N. C.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—This is a semi-monthly literary paper published at Hudson, N. Y. by Wm. B. Stoddard, at one dollar per annum, and is in its twentieth year.—It is a neat and pleasant little family paper, frequently illustrated with engravings.—*Ogdensburgh Times, N. Y.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—We have received two numbers of this paper, published at Hudson, N. Y. We can recommend it to the ladies, and all lovers of good reading, with pleasure. It is published semi-monthly, and contains well-selected literature, biography and light reading, besides engravings of various kinds. Price, \$1 per annum—cheap enough.—*Statesman and Journal, Concord, N. H.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—This valuable Periodical has come to us in a neat dress, and we hesitate not in saying that it is the neatest publication of the day.—*Farmer, Chagrin Falls, Ohio.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—A semi-monthly literary paper, published at Hudson, N. Y. by W. B. Stoddard. Terms, \$1 per annum, four copies for \$3. This has long been a deservedly favorite paper, especially with young people in the country. It has now entered upon its twentieth volume, which of itself is good evidence of its popularity. Then it is so neatly printed, is so cheap, and possesses such intrinsic merit, that the young ladies say they can't afford to go without it. (All clever postmasters will forward subscriptions.)—*New Genesee Farmer, Rochester, N. Y.*

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. C. Williamsburg, Ms. \$1.00; C. S. R. Kelloggsville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. G. N. Rock City, N. Y. \$1.00; D. S. P. Manlius, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stokes, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. H. C. Westville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. M. Cedarville, N. Y. \$2.00; E. D. Weedsport, N. Y. \$1.00; H. B. K. Cnsville, N. Y. \$7.00; P. M. Boonville, N. Y. \$2.00; H. M. V. R. Glen, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Barre, Vt. \$1.00; M. E. C. Snow's Store, Vt. \$1.00; R. H. D. Canandaigua, N. Y. \$1.00; M. L. Lebanon, N. Y. \$1.00; E. P. Newark, N. J. \$3.00; J. E. T. Newark, N. J. \$2.00; C. H. B. West Sand Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; E. B. New Lebanon Springs, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. Brattleboro', Vt. \$1.00; E. C. P. Waterford, Vt. \$1.00; E. S. Low Hampton, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married,

In this city, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Waterbury, Mr. Frank Eddy, of Lenox, Mass. to Miss Nancy M. Seeley, of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. C. F. Le Fevre, Mr. Joshua H. Buckley, to Miss Mary Halland, both of Hillsdale.

At Greenport, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. J. D. Fonda, Mr. Herman Hallenbeck to Miss Emeline Plasse.

In Catskill, on Monday evening, the 1st inst. by the Rev. G. N. Judd, Peter Coon, Esq. of Delhi, to Miss Amanda S. North, of the former place.

In Stockport, on the 26th Nov. by the Rev. A. Scovel, Mr. Samuel Duell, to Miss Emeline Williamson, all of Stockport.

At Chatham 4 Corners, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Elbert S. Porter, Capt. John C. Gaul, of Ghent, to Catharine, eldest daughter of Peter I. Mesick, of the former place.

At Stuyvesant, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Andrew Kittle, Mr. Abram J. Mesick, of Claverack, to Miss Margaret C. Shultz.

On the 4th inst. at Athens, Greene Co. N. Y. in the Episcopal Church, by the Rev. Mr. Mallaby, Thomas Dalzell to Sarah Holden, both from the neighborhood of Belfast, Co. Antrim, Ireland.

At Livingston, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. D. Fonda, Mr. William R. Miller, of Hudson, to Miss Mary Jane Sheldon, of Livingston.

At Ghent, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. P. S. Wynkoop, Mr. Andrew Sharp to Miss Margaret Rockefeller, both of Hudson.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. H. Wheeler, Mr. Henry H. Clapper to Miss Maria Benton, both of Claverack.

At Utica, on the 21st of November, by the Rev. Mr. Potter, Mr. Maris B. Pierce, a Chief of the Seneca Indians, (Allegany clan,) to Miss Mary Jane Carrol, of Utica. The Indian name of Mr. Pierce is Ha-day-no-do, or, The Runner. He is not a full blooded Seneca, and has been educated at Dartmouth College. His wife is the daughter of a British officer, who died some years ago in South America.

Died,

In this city, on the 30th ult. of Consumption, Mrs. Caroline Tompkins, wife of Mr. Robert H. Tompkins, and eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Mallory, aged 36 years.

On the 2d inst. Wm. Parker, in his 45th year.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Sarah Augusta, wife of Jonathan Ford, Principal of the Hudson Academy, and daughter of Dr. Samuel Smith, of Williamstown, in the 25th year of her age.

In Germantown, on the 22d ult. Mr. William S. Snyder, in the 63d year of his age.

At Troy, on the 28th ult. Margaret Hagdon, in her 44th year.

At Sandlake, on the 25th ult. Elizabeth Frothingham, relict of the late Thomas Frothingham, aged 83 years.

In New-York, on the 3d inst. after a short illness, Col. John Fellows, aged 84 years.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

LINES

To a dear friend in the last stage of Consumption.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

MOURNING pilgrim, dry thy tears,
Weep not, lo! the breaking day;
See, it rises! hush thy fears,
Cast thy anxious cares away.
What though billows round thee foam,
And the angry whirlwinds rise;
Every wave shall waft thee home,
Every gust shall clear the skies,

Pilgrim, in thy father's care,
Thou art safe though tempests roar;
Nothing can thy bark impair,
Winds, nor waves, nor rocky shore.
Jesus Christ is at the helm,
He directs thy onward course;
Oceans, cannot thee o'erwhelm,
Though they dash with awful force.

Thou art safe, then let the waves
Curl around, while onward borne,
O'er the rocks and coral caves,
Nought thy bark shall e'er o'erturn.
On the mountain wave still ride,
Fear not, though thou sink amain;
Jesus still is at thy side,
He will raise thee up again.

Should the tempest louder rave,
And the lightnings fiercer flash;
Should'st thou see the opening grave,
Fear not—like the thunder's crash—
'Twill not harm thee, though the noise
May affright thy trembling soul;
There's no fear of thunder's voice,
Though the lightnings reach the pole.

Neither is there fear for thee,
Jesus has the ransom paid;
Trust then in his firm decree,
Justice by his arm is stayed.
Take the cup for thee prepared,
Bitter drops, but mixed with love,
Long for thee the Lord has cared,
Soon his faithfulness you'll prove.

Rest my Harriet, rest in peace,
Look—survey the promised land;
Soon thy moanings here will cease,
Soon amid a ransomed band—
Thou wilt join their songs of praise,
Free from sorrow, sin and pain;
High above thy notes will raise,
And an endless triumph gain.

Struggle on thou pilgrim soul,
Thro' the dreary desert wind,
Waters to refresh thy soul,
Green oasis thou wilt find.
Here and there a little rill,
'Till thou reach the font above!
Then, where heavenly joys distil
Thou wilt bathe in seas of love.

Look not on thy treasures here,
Leave them in thy Savior's hand;
Look my Harriet—heaven is near—
Hearest thou not the angel band?

"Come" they cry "leave all below,
Come and taste the purchased bliss;
Come where joys forever flow,
Come and dwell where Jesus is."
Sag Harbor, L. I. 1844.

For the Rural Repository.

HE IS DEAD!

"She drops the scroll; her sister's arm
Supports her fainting head:
What of the loved one far away?
It tells her—he is dead."—*Annual.*

Yes, he is dead! What thrilling chords
Hath that announcement stirred;
The deepest spell that life affords
Lurks in that fatal word.

He's dead! the ghosts of buried years
Come thronging at the sound,
In all their former smiles and tears
Waked by the charm profound.

Is it our dearest friend has sought
An angel's home in heaven?
We loved him well; but was there not
Some sin to be forgiven?

Some word in haste or anger fell;
Would it were all unsaid!
We never loved him half so well
As now, for he is dead.

Or was it some more injured friend
Neglected and forgot,
Whose very name we strove to send
To share Oblivion's lot?

Wo for the day when pride and scorn
Were lavished on his head!
In fruitless bitterness we mourn;
We mourn, but he is dead.

Or does the melancholy tomb
Its gloomy portals close
On one who marred our earthly doom,
The vilest of our foes?

Condemned the pangs of death to feel
Without one hope of Heaven,
We could not save, we could not heal,
But oh, he was forgiven.

His was perchance a darkened mind
Untutored and misled,
Who might have felt an influence kind,
He might, but he is dead.

Oh Death! Thou art a preacher kind
Of love and peace to man;
No rules or axioms refined
Teach what thy terrors can.

"Awake from sloth's voluptuous bed,
Perform your kindness now.
Love ye the living, for the dead
Heed not your tardy vow.

"Hast injured aught of human race?
Oh then, ere life is fled
With deep repentance seek his face,
And haste or he is dead.

"Hope not to 'scape the doom of Fate
Remorse's venom'd dart,
Which, with those cruel words, "Too late!"
He plunges in the heart.

"A pang shall follow thee in life
And haunt thy dying bed,
If thoughts of bitterness and strife
Remain till he is dead."

F. H. C.

For the Rural Repository.

EVENING.

BY MISS HENRIETTA GAY.

THE sun has set, how beautiful
The radiant beams appear,
And there is scarce a silvery cloud
Upon the azure sphere;
The pearly stars come peering through,
As if their beauty to renew;
The moon in all their queenly pride,
Far o'er the starry vault doth ride.

Nature has spread her sable pall
The busy world is still;
There's scarce a murmur to be heard,
Except you gurgling rill.
The Hudson's peaceful waters glide,
Onward, in all their native pride,
And o'er the hand of Him divine,
That spread such beauty in each clime.
Stockport, N. Y. 1844.

NATURE'S SONGS.

BY A. A. FORBES.

THE songs which all are singing
Are not the songs for me,
Through cot or palace ringing,
Melodious though they be.
But there are songs I often hear
That sound most sweetly on mine ear.

The river swiftly flowing
Through vale and verdant lea
Broader and deeper growing,
And rushing to the sea;
My spirit leaps to hear the sound,
As o'er the rocks its waters bound.

When May's first flowers are springing,
And on each budding tree,
I hear the wild birds singing,
Their songs so full of glee,
My willing soul would gladly stay
And listen to their notes all day.

Nature hath songs excelling
Man's sweetest minstrelsy,
I hear them round my dwelling
In all their melody,
The birds, the waters and the breeze,
Oh! who can sing such songs as these.

Hinesburgh, Vt. 1844.

A Good Chance!

Those who have already sent \$1.00, \$3.00 or \$5.00, can have *Three Copies* for \$2.00 more; those who have sent \$7.00, can have *Five Copies* for \$3.00 more, and after they have sent \$10.00, they can have *Two Copies* for \$1.00.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED AT HUDSON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y. BY

Wm. B. Stoddard.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Useful Recipes, Poetry, &c. It will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, every number embellished with one or more superior wood engravings, and also a portrait of some distinguished person, containing twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages.

TERMS.—**One Dollar** per annum, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. Persons remitting us \$3.00, free of postage, shall receive *Four Copies*; for \$5.00, *Seven Copies*; for \$7.00, *Ten Copies*; for \$10.00, *Fifteen Copies*. To those who send us \$5.00, we will give the 18th Volume (gratis) and for \$7.00, their choice of either the 18th or 19th Volumes; and for \$10.00, the 18th and 19th Volumes. We have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th volumes, and any one sending for the 20th volume, can have as many copies of either of the volumes as they wish, at the same rate.

No subscription received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers during the year, until the edition is out, unless otherwise ordered.

POST MASTERS, are authorized to remit subscriptions for a paper, free of expense.